

New Beginnings

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Please read and review

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It was an ordinary day in Berk. The sun glared down on Hiccup, mocking him. Despite it being bright and in full view, it never seemed to spare any of its warmth to the hapless dragon tamer. Hiccup scowled up at the sun. "Snow, snow and more snow every stinking day," he muttered. Toothless glanced at his owner as he continued grumbling, but decided that attempting to set fire to a tree would be far more interesting. Hiccup panicked as his dragon shot a massive fireball towards the woods behind the village. "Toothless, don't set the woods on fire! We need that!"

~~~~~High above Berk/ Jack POV~~~~~

Jack Frost glanced down in glee as he watched his winter weather blanket the village of Berk in a nice layer of snow. He had been bringing winter into the village for a century, but he still loved watching people struggle through his snow. He let loose a carefree laugh as he zoomed unseen over the Vikings and frosted their windows. He entertained himself further by creating slippery patches of ice on the ground and freezing the feed troughs put outside for the dragons.

Jack was not fond of the dragons; they somehow managed to sense him and would breathe fire at the ice spirit. Of course, fire and ice didn't mix so Jack would always have to beat a hasty retreat before he overheated. Needless to say, he and the dragons bore a mutual

hatred for each other. A blue dragon with orange spikes glared at Jack as his food frosted over. Jack stuck his tongue out childishly, "That's what you get, you overgrown salamander." The dragon shot a spout of fire in Jack's direction, causing him to shoot backwards through the air and spew a few creative expletives. He was about to turn the dragon into a very detailed ice sculpture, when suddenly he saw a bright purple flash of light near the woods. He flew over to investigate. Perhaps he could have a little fun today.

~~~~~At the woods/ Hiccup POV~~~~~

Hiccup ground and buried his head in his hands. "Why me? Did I irritate the gods in a past life?" He turned to glare at Toothless who had an almost sheepish grin on his face. Hiccup sighed and looked back at the charred, smoking remains of part of the forest. A good sized portion had been destroyed by toothless' fireball.

"Woah! What did the forest do to get on your dragon's bad side?" Hiccup whipped his head around to locate the source of the voice, but the mystery person continued speaking without waiting for an answer. "This looks worse than when Bunny went on a rampage after I called him a kangaroo!" the voice laughed. Hiccup finally realized the voice was coming from the trees that were still standing. He glanced up to see a teen with pure white hair, blue shirt and brown pants standing in a tree. The teen wasn't wearing any shoes and leaned on a long stick that looked like a shepherd's hook.

Hiccup gathered his courage and spoke to the other teen. "Um, if you don't mind me asking, how did you get up there?" Hiccup blurted without thinking and then mentally facepalmed. 'Brilliant, Hiccup.' he thought. "I'm sorry about my dragon! Are you hurt?!" Hiccup had become increasingly worried believing that the white haired teen had been burned by Toothless' fire.

The teen nearly fell out of the tree causing Hiccup to cry out in alarm. Thankfully, the other boy managed to catch himself on the tree's bark at the last second. "Wait," the teen said shakily. "You can see me?" he asked, shock evident in his expression. Despite being worried out of his mind, Hiccup retained his dry humor. "No, I was just asking my imaginary friend who happens to be standing on the exact same branch that you are if he's okay." Hiccup stated, sarcasm dripping from every word.

The other teen glared at Hiccup, but still appeared a bit shaken. "I-It's just... Nevermind. I'm fine." he said, scratching the back of his neck and looking sheepish while his cheeks pinked with embarrassment. 'Cute... I did not just think that' Hiccup thought, mentally slapping himself. He focused his attention back on the white haired teen.

"Aren't you cold?" Hiccup asked, acknowledging the other's lack of shoes. At this the other smirked.

"The cold has never bothered me" he said smugly, as if he had a secret he could throw in Hiccup's face. His attitude made Hiccup grit his teeth.

"Well you better come down soon." Hiccup ground out, irritated by his cocky attitude. "It'll get dark soon and more dragons will show up. And they aren't the friendly kind."

The white haired teen gave a mock salute and JUMPED off a branch that was at least 30 feet up in the air. Before Hiccup could yell at Toothless to save him, or at least invent a couple of imaginative new swear words, the other boy gently floated to the ground, landing without even cracking a twig underfoot. "Who are you?" Hiccup asked in amazement.

"Jack. Jack Frost."

~~~~~Jack POV~~~~~

Jack stood in front of the brunette, grinning widely at his shocked expression. "Jack Frost. As in, the ice spirit, Jack Frost." "He and I are one in the same." Jack smirked at the evident confusion. The other teen still didn't look fully convinced even though Jack had just FLOATED DOWN FROM THE SKY. Jack rolled his eyes and blew a gust of freezing cold air and snow directly into the teen's face.

"Okay, okay! I believe you!" the brunette grumbled as he shook snow out of his hair.

"Wonderful." Jack replied dryly. "Now, isn't it your turn for introductions?" The boy looked shocked that he hadn't already.

"Oh! Yeah, my name is Hiccup and that dragon over there is Toothless." The dragon glowered at Jack for "attacking" his owner and Hiccup blatantly ignored Jack's snicker when he introduced himself. "Easy, Toothless!" Hiccup attempted to soothe his dragon. Toothless eventually backed down, but still gave Jack an angry glare. "Look, maybe you can withstand the cold and whatever, but you've gotta be hungry. Why don't you join is for dinner?" Hiccup asked. It was a perfectly innocent question, but for some reason, Jack felt happier than he had in decades.

~~~~~At Hiccup's place/ Jack POV~~~~~

Hiccup had a pretty nice house and he explained that it was because his father was the chief of their tribe. His dad was currently on a journey to a meeting with the heads of other surrounding tribes. The brunette had hastily fixed some sort of stew for supper and, though Jack didn't need food to survive, he wolfed down the contents of his bowl.

Hiccup finished just as quickly and left for the stables, claiming that he needed to feed Toothless. When Jack heard the door swing shut, he couldn't help but snoop around a little. He noticed that Hiccup was quite the artist. Blueprints of half-finished inventions and sketches of dragons hung all around the house. In one corner, Jack saw a pile of tools scattered around what appeared to be a saddle. Jack was investigating said saddle when Hiccup walked back through the door. "Uh... What are you doing?"

"Just... Looking at how big a dump this place is." Jack said, struggling to maintain his usual cool demeanor.

"Hey! I'm a teenage boy! My room's allowed to be messy." Hiccup defended himself. Jack observed how the other's cheeks were pink with embarrassment and smirked.

'He looks cute... Wait. I mean, Uh... Angry?' Jack mentally panicked. He quickly abandoned that train of thoughts and refocused on the brunette who was in the process of clearing the table. Hiccup turned back to Jack.

"We have a spare room if you don't have a place to sleep tonight," he said.

"That sounds good." Jack responded without thinking. 'Why did I accept?!' he thought, panicked. 'I need to figure this out as soon as possible...' He wasn't sure he could handle his stomach doing flip flops every time he talked to the other boy.

~~~~~And so.../Hiccup POV~~~~~

Jack stayed the night. And then another. And another. Days turned to weeks turned into months. Soon the two teens were nearly inseparable. Of course, at first, the other Vikings thought Hiccup was crazy, talking to thin air, but they eventually wrote it off as one of his quirks. Jack and Hiccup often talked about their lives, how Jack woke up in the middle of a pond with no memories and how Hiccup was often overshadowed by his father. He even told Jack about the huge battle with the dragons and how he lost his leg.

Jack explained that Berk was where he stayed most of the summer when he wasn't needed to bring snow and ice to countries. Here, Jack explained, he could make it snow year round and none of the inhabitants cared because he had been doing it for a century.

Hiccup was really happy to have a friend besides his dragon. Sure, he liked hanging out with the other Vikings, but he felt that there was always some wall between him and them that prevented him from spilling everything to them. And Jack was a good listener.

Some days they would even go flying. Hiccup would board Toothless while Jack flew next to him. They would always try to outdo the other's stunts, shooting around rocks and narrowly dodging trees. Jack would usually win as he could shoot through narrower passages while Hiccup had to try and maneuver his dragon without getting banged up.

Lately, Hiccup had been having some trouble sleeping, but he saw no reason to bring that up. There were cooler things to do than discuss stupid nightmares.

~~~~~However.../Jack POV~~~~~

Jack had noticed something was wrong with Hiccup, but didn't approach him right away. It was only when he observed the dark rings around Hiccup's eyes did he approach the dragon tamer. "Man, is something bothering you?" Jack asked, shallowly masking the genuine concern he felt.

"No. It's nothing." Hiccup responded, looking dead on his feet.

"Seriously, dude-

"I said it's nothing!" Hiccup snapped. Then he seemed to realize what he'd done. "Sorry... I've just been having trouble sleeping."

"Maybe you should take it easy and go back to bed-"

"No! Er, I mean, it's fine!" Hiccup said, acting like a cornered animal. "I-I just need some fresh air." Hiccup ran out the door to find Toothless, leaving Jack thoroughly confused.

~~~~~In the air/Hiccup POV~~~~~

Yes, this was exactly what he needed. Flying always cleared his head. He couldn't help the smile that crossed his face as Toothless went into a nosedive, pulling up just in time to avoid hitting the ocean.

Hiccup then frowned. His nightmares were getting so bad that he could barely sleep anymore. Always horrible dreams. Reliving the battle that cost him his leg. Almost drowning while attempting to save Toothless. Seeing his Viking friends almost die. Watching Jack vanish into frost, never to return. 'argh...' Hiccup mentally berated himself. 'just a dream, just a dream...'

He didn't see the cliff soon enough and barely managed to jerk the reins back before Toothless crashed into the cliffs. Toothless gave a warning growl. "Yeah, yeah I know," Hiccup grumbled. He decided to land before he turned them both into pancakes.

He stopped in a clearing, unsaddling Toothless and feeding the dragon some fish that he had packed. While Toothless ate, Hiccup sat down on a rock and returned to his thoughts.

"Oh this is interesting." Hiccup jerked his head up to locate this voice. It wasn't like Jack's; it was cold and menacing.

"Who's there?" he said, hoping he sounded more confident than he felt.

"No one. Just your nightmares." the voice cackled; it sounded like glass shattering. Hiccup caught a glimpse of a dark shadow disappearing deep into the forest before a herd of black horses stalked out of the woods. They shuffled angrily and some reared up on their back legs to paw the air. The horses appeared to be made of a wispy, sandy substance.

"Toothless!" Hiccup yelled, and suddenly his dragon friend was at his side, growling at the team of horses. Hiccup immediately jumped on the dragon and they flew away as fast as possible.

"Why not sleep? You're tired aren't you?" the sinister voice whispered directly to his brain as Hiccup and Toothless retreated.

"Shut up!" Hiccup yelled back.

"Poor thing. Haven't slept properly in days," it continued. Hiccup could swear he heard a sinister smirk in the voice.

"I said, shut up!" Hiccup responded angrily, however he could feel his eyelids drooping from exhaustion. "Damn," he muttered as he saw he was slipping from his saddle and right into the unforgiving ocean. He winced as his arm scraped against a rock which left a jagged,

bloody line in its wake. 'I'm sorry dad... Toothless... Jack.' he thought as he fell. And then he surrendered to the darkness.

~~~~~Jack POV~~~~~

After debating it for about 30 minutes, Jack made up his mind to follow Hiccup. He searched all around the village and the cliffs to no avail. He finally spotted Hiccup being cornered at a clearing about 500 feet away by dark black horses made from sand. 'Nightmares!' Jack thought with alarm.

Hiccup jumped on his dragon in an attempt to get away from the horses and Jack thought that perhaps he wouldn't need to help after all, but Toothless had only flown a few seconds before Jack noticed something was off. Hiccup seemed to be yelling something to the wind and, without any warning, he slipped off his saddle.

Jack yelled in surprise before diving towards the ocean. Toothless was close behind them and they both hit the water at same time to save the boy. Hiccup was sinking fast, but Toothless managed to support him from below while Jack dragged him to the surface. They struggled to reach shore and Jack hurriedly checked the boy's pulse. Nothing. Was he too late?

"Such a shame," a voice behind Jack said. "The boy had such delicious nightmares." Jack whirled around to see a man in a pure black cloak standing behind him.

"You did this?!" he yelled in outrage.

"I only bring nightmares. The boy decided to go flying all by himself."

"You-!" Jack fired a freezing blast of ice and snow with his staff towards where the man was standing, but he just shrank into the shadows of the woods and left. "Coward!" Jack yelled after him.

He was about to chase after the man, but turned back to Hiccup. The boy was in worse shape than he had originally believed. The fall had bruised his back when he hit the water and he'd hit a rock, leaving a long gash on his arm that was bleeding steadily. "Come on Hiccup, don't die on me now!" Jack said, attempting to get his friend to breathe through sheer force of will. As soon as Jack touched Hiccup, frost gathered on the boy's clothes. He quickly withdrew his hand. "Why?! Why does everything I touch have to freeze?" he stood there, panicking, until he had an idea. "That's it! Toothless!" he said excitedly, turning to the dragon. "We need fire!"

The dragon seemed to understand and set a nearby stump ablaze while Jack bandaged Hiccup's arm and tried to draw the water and frost out of Hiccup's lungs with his weather manipulating abilities. 'Come on... Come on' Jack said, hoping with all his heart that Hiccup would sit up and laugh his butt off at Jack's worried expression like he usually did.

He didn't. Jack cried in despair for his friend. Tears of anger and sadness froze on his cheeks. Unable to bear it anymore, he flew Hiccup's body back to his house, not bothering to wait for Hiccup's father to answer the door. With a whirlpool of despair swirling

around him, Jack shot into the air, not bothering to care where he ended up.

~~~~~Australia/Bunnymund POV~~~~~

Easter was coming up soon and Bunnymund was scouring Australia for good hiding places for the kids. They had to be easy enough that the ankle biters could find them, but also challenging so the older kids could enjoy the holiday as well. He suddenly shivered and felt something wet hit his sensitive nose. He tuned his gaze skyward and saw white flecks falling from the sky. Was it even supposed to snow in Australia? Suddenly, the bunny was knocked off his feet as something large, cold and heavy crashed into him. 'What the-?' he managed to think before he identified the projectile as a teenager who was currently out cold.

He turned the kid over and saw it was none other than Jack Frost. 'Just what I need' he inwardly moaned. 'A prankster that loves to make it snow on Easter.' the bunny sighed and tapped his large foot twice on the ground to open one of his tunnels. He grabbed Jack and jumped in, hopping as fast as he could back to the Warren.

~~~~~At the Warren/ Jack POV~~~~~

Jack blearily pried his eyes open to see... Dirt. Lots and lots of dirt. However, light flooded in through a hole in the wall which he guessed was supposed to be a window. He nearly yelled in surprise when he saw a giant stone egg sitting next to him. 'Where am I?!' he frantically wondered. The door to the room flew open and a giant gray bunny bounded through.

"You're up," the bunny said, looking at Jack indifferently.

"Oh it's the kangaroo," Jack said snarkily, though he was still depressed so the insult lacked any malice.

"How many times do I have to say it, mate? I'm a bunny!" Bunnymund roared, but noticed the lost look in Jack's eyes that the boy was desperately trying to mask. He cleared his throat uneasily. "Anyways. What were you doing down under?"

"Nothing."

"If that's how you want to play it." the bunny said. "Feel free to leave whenever."

"Er." Though Bunnymund was probably the last person on the planet Jack wanted to talk to, he needed to tell SOMEONE what had happened. The bunny paused at the door upon hearing the young ice spirit's voice. He lifted his ears to show he was listening. "There was this kid... And he died... So I kind of... Lost it."

"Did you kill him?" the bunny asked, an odd look on his face. It was almost like... Sympathy. But that would be ridiculous!

"No! Of course not! I like having fun, not hurting people!"

"Then why do you feel guilty?"

"Well the kid was acting strangely and he said he was having

nightmares and that he was going out." Jack clenched his fist. "If I had stopped him, it wouldn't have happened! He'd still be alive!" Jack ground out, beginning to hate himself for being so weak.

"Did you say nightmares?"

"Er, yes?" Jack responded, snapped out of his own thoughts and confused by the serious look on the rabbit's face. "Why?"

"Never mind. It doesn't concern you." the rabbit said. He then sighed then sat down next to Jack and put an arm around him. To Bunnymund's amazement, Jack didn't flinch away. "Buck up, mate. It wasn't your fault. And I'll let you in on a secret. Death isn't the end. In death begins new life." Jack looked at him with confusion evident on his face. Bunnymund had to use all his will power not to laugh at the white haired teen's expression. "Do you doubt me, the guardian of new life and hope?" he smirked, as if he knew something that Jack didn't which only served to confuse the boy further. "Ah well, someday you'll understand." The bunny stood up and loped out the door.

Jack rolled his eyes, grabbed his staff that was leaning by the door and shot out the window. He muttered curses about, "stupid cryptic kangaroos" and eventually found his way to the surface. Not that he'd ever admit it to the bunny, but he actually felt a little better.

~~~~~Still in the Warren/ Bunnymund POV~~~~~

Bunnymund turned to a stone egg with a serious expression. "Watch the Warren," he stated while grabbing his boomerangs. "I need to talk with the other guardians. Pitch is stirring."

~~~~~200 years later/ Jack POV~~~~~

In the 300 years Jack had been alive, he had learned all about Pitch and how he was the cause behind all nightmares. Though he would never forgive Pitch for Hiccup's death, quite the opposite actually, the pain had faded bit by bit. Jack still blamed himself for Hiccup's death, but managed to forgive himself and move on, reasoning that Hiccup wouldn't want him to keep beating himself up about it.

One day, while Jack was messing around and freezing over a small town, he saw a brunette playing in the snow with his friends. The brunette turned directly to look at Jack and waved at him. 'Wait. He can see me?' Jack thought in wonder. The kid waved goodbye to his friends and walked right up to Jack. He couldn't have been more than 8.

"Mister," the kid said. "You don't got shoes! Aren'tcha cold?" The kid reminded Jack so much of Hiccup that Jack found himself repeating the same words he said 200 years ago.

"The cold has never bothered me," he said, a bit shaken. "You can see me, right?"

"Course I can see you! You're actin' kinda weird!" the kid said, a huge grin on his face.

Jack found himself remembering what the Easter bunny had said. 'In death begins new life.' Out loud, Jack asked, "Hey kid, what's your

name?"

"My name's Jamie! What's yours?"

"Jack. Jack Frost."

"That's a funny name!"

"Jamie! Come inside before you catch a cold!" a female voice yelled from a distant house.

"Okay mom!" the kid yelled back. "Bye Jack! Let's play sometime!" the kid beamed at him with such light and happiness that Jack decided right there that he believed in reincarnation.

"Yeah..." Jack said as he watched the kid's retreating figure. Old memories swirled to the surface. The awkward brunette with the lopsided grin and quirky attitude appeared in his mind again. "This time," Jack vowed. "This time I'll protect you."

****A/N:** Whew! That was fun to write and the idea for the story wouldn't stop bugging me. I hope you enjoyed it :D I know it's not really romantic, but I'm not very good with that genre... But anyways, I typed this all in basically one sitting so there might be some weird stuff in it...******

****Please review so I can know what you think of it!****

End
file.